Bartholomew's day started brighter than ever.
With a sun dazed glimmer and quite clear weather
Why, even the birds were out to perform like they were the earth's Singer.
Everything was as right as could be until the smell of pollutants came into the air.

Bartholomew stood up, appalled by the odor
"What is disrupting my morning nasal composure"
Bart found out by his window, just by the Trees,
a machine quite ghastly pumping out vapor.

Bartholomew ran, as fast as he could.
He had to see what was being done to the wood.
The clouds grew thicker from all of the soot.
Like the sky was covered by a great car hood.

You must be impressed by what you are seeing
No other machine can achieve this much tree cleaving
With its help I will make my pockets most deepening
You can be part of it, if you feel like investing

Mr. Bartholomew could not be more angered,
those words for which he hear here,
spoken by no one special, just Billy O'Nayer..

A terrible endeavor from Billy O'Nayer,
It's quite the opposite of making the world better.
Who should I call? How should I act? The last thing I should do is sit in a chair.

Unless, of course, I should have known
It is in the very name of my very own
Bitter Bloke Blaster
It's the best way to ensure that Billy is not welcome here.

Bartholomew took aim with his BBB, Right for O'Nayers head,
It would be the best way to keep his tree cutting in the past
But from a tree stump sprung out a small man, and it was this man who started to said
Don't shoot! Don't Shoot! for I am the Lib-Ass!

The Lib-Ass? Bartholomew asked?
The Lib-Ass indeed to be exact.
I am here to tell you there is no need for violence.
We can find other solutions, if you'll listen perhaps.

Fine, Mr. Lib-Ass, quickly explain it!
All his tree cutting fills my stomach with rennet

Congress will save us with A Save the Earth law.
It forbids all the ways to ruin our blue and green planet.
As soon as the bill gets sponsored and sent to committee
then reported, debated, voted and referred to the Senate.

You want me to wait, Just sit and watch?
The trees are dying and the ecosystem will be shot.
I can end all this now with a well timed trigger
No! No! No! You simply cannot!

Have faith Bartholomew
There is more we can do
Until the law is adieu
Takes some tree seeds,
and plant a few more than two

Bartholomew took the Lib-Ass's advice and began planting trees.
He spent a whole day in the mud on his knees.
Giving the seeds a chance to grow, flourish and bloom
It is just what the whole fracking filled earth needs.

Bartholomew stood up and admired his work
10 trees planted, No one could call him a jerk
Bartholomew turned around and was filled with despair
For in the same time, O'Nayer had cut down 100 more, like a tree eating shark.

This is no good, enough with the debate
He cuts down 10 trees for every seed I bury.
He must be stopped before it's too late
I know I can stop him, with any means necessary.

The Lib-Ass sprung into the line of fire
Bartholomew, are you only one man?
Gather your friends from your home to the shire
You can double your tree planting with double the hands
Where Billy goes low we will go higher!

Bartholomew gathered everyone he knew.
His neighbors, his nephews his school teachers too
Nothing was as important planting more trees
Before it's too late, maybe again the sky will be blue.

For the next 24 hours, Bart worked with his community
100 Trees planted, to help the whole world breathe
Planting Willows, Sycamores, Pines and redwoods.
With all this effort we can avoid an earth sized eulogy

But again the efforts were all in vain
100 trees planted, there's 10,000 more slain
One single tree cutting machine was not enough for Bill O'Nayer
By doubling his wood slicer, he could double his profit gain

This is no use, my resources are limited
By the time congress makes a law we will all be dead.
I will never have enough hands to recover this deforestation
Passivity and Peacefulness? I plead disinterested.

No Bartholomew, You must think of the optics!
How will you and your side look if use brute force
We must be hospitable, polite and carry no sharp ended sticks
Anything else and you'll look thick as bricks.

You call me Thick, Mr Lib-Ass
Billy O'Naire is not just cutting trees
He has starting dumping his atomic waste into the seas
I will not apologize if my methods are crass

Too much waste was a mistake from the start
Luckily, we already have a solution
Take your plastic and paper and all your glass jars.
Into the Blue Bins, Let's capitalize on the three R's

Reduce, Reuse, Recycle
Re-pulping our cardboard cannot Reduce the trash we Re-pile
Re-created by Retinues to Re -avoid Responsibility
Repurposing and Reprocessing is a Restorable measure for Reproduction
But it cannot Recover the planet after our Reservoirs are Reverted to bile.

My weapon is loaded, I only need 1 one piece of ammunition
My aim is precise and I have full justification
I have been ready now and my patience is at the end of its elongation.
I regret every time you manifested a hesitation.

As The Lib-Ass I cannot approve assassination
We can do more, please use your imagination.
Billy O'Nayer is evil for sure, but just try and hope
Maybe we can reverse his mission for earth decomposition.

Take a moment and listen, Congress is announcing their big decision
The Save the Planet bill is about to be approved
No more tree cutting, no more water siphoning, no more pollution
No more Nature disregarding either. All will be illegal with righteous legislation

Unbeknownst to the Lib-Ass or Bartholomew
Or anyone who shouldn't know
The Supreme Court was bought, bribed and accrued
Enough in their bank for a palatial vacation, more than two.

The Save The Planet Bill, has been vetoed
The Lib-Ass starred with his mouth wide open
He trusted the process, He believed in taking it slow
But all he could do now was mutter "Oh no"

I know you are tired of the advice I have sang.
But as a people we can do better
Murder is a crime, to be a criminal is a shame.
Bang!

Billy O'Nayer, criminal or not,
his actions and intentions, all made the world rot.
I am no villain for my self appointed judgment and execution
After all I always cared, I cared an awful lot.

And if people like you, insist on compliance
Who resist any fighting and look down at resistance
Then you might as well support every Billy O'Nayer
And you will not be remembered as anything but a Lib-Ass

Billy O'Nayer
Bartholomew
The Lib-Ass